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warden poring over blue-books and infinite masses of reports. Yet though he lived close to Liverpool, a few hours from Dublin, and though he travelled widely in France and Germany, in Spain and Italy, even to Greece, he was in Ireland but three weeks in his life and then visited not Ireland proper but a very distinctively English pale. There are many strange things about the relation of the English and especially of Mr. Gladstone to Ireland, but surely this is the strangest. The way above all ways to inform himself on this most vital question, the most obvious, the easiest, was precisely the one he never adopted. Nothing better expresses the earlier English attitude toward the sister island. Nothing better evidences the change in spirit, even since Mr. Gladstone's day, than the tone of such books as this. Ireland seems no longer so much a boggy of blue-books, a seething and chaotic mass of Fenians, boycotters, Invincibles, and dynamiters, somewhat more distant than India, somewhat less known than the Soudan. With the new conception of Irishmen as men not absolutely unlike themselves, of Ireland as a land and a people not wholly beyond the operation of economic laws, and amenable to rational treatment of a situation different from that in England, such as we find in these pages, we may yet come to a real solution of the Irish question. One may only hope that Mr. Paul's jeremiad (p. 235), "in Ireland everything always comes too late", may not prevent that consummation.

For the rest one may regret that amid such simple and forceful English appear unusual words like "perstringed" (p. 330) and "dyslogism", and note in almost perfect proof-reading an apparent error of "disbelieve" for "disbelief" (p. 86). It is not to be expected that such a work as this should be crowded with foot-notes and the machinery of scholarship. But inasmuch as the convenience of the reader has been so obviously consulted by preparing an excellent index to each volume, it might not be out of place to suggest that some general bibliography could be appended to the last volume, which, by referring to books on special fields, would be of great value to those desiring to pursue a given subject further. This is the more necessary in that it is not always easy for the ordinary reader to find such a bibliography in a subject where the works appearing almost from month to month are so numerous and in many cases so important.

WILBUR C. ABBOTT.

The Life of Froude. By HERBERT PAUL. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905. Pp. ix, 454.)

THE *Life of Froude* by Mr. Herbert Paul is the first attempt at a biography of the historian whose work has probably been the subject of more active controversy than that of any other Englishman of his craft. Mr. Paul was not, so he informs us, personally acquainted with Froude, having met him, apparently, but once and then quite casually. His work lacks therefore all that peculiar quality that comes from intimate knowl-

edge of the subject of biography. He approaches Mr. Froude as a public man, writer, thinker, and historian, removed from himself by a generation in time and seen by him already in historical perspective.

The book follows the life of Froude chronologically, giving first a brief sketch of his family and the peculiar circumstances of his early youth, his education at school and college, and the remarkable young men with whom he was thrown into intimate association. It goes on then to an account of his life-work, the *History of England*, and makes this the thread on which to hang a chapter on Froude and Freeman. We are then led to follow Froude in his journeys to Ireland, to America, to Australia, and to South Africa, which furnish the text for comments on his views as to English empire. The last chapters deal with his relations to Carlyle and with the Oxford professorship.

Mr. Paul, who has had experience as a biographer of Mr. Gladstone and Matthew Arnold, writes throughout as an apologist. He has a personality to explain as well as a man's work to describe. He seems to feel almost with personal pain the criticism so freely bestowed on Mr. Froude, and is impelled continually to account for this in ways creditable to the victim. Froude's early years are represented as passed under a cloud of religious oppression, with the natural result of driving him in upon himself and turning him against the very influences that were meant to shape him. School was worse than useless, and college, except for the society of men like Newman, Arnold, and Clough, not much better. He drifted into the church, but found himself out of place there and left it, and with it gave up his fellowship and the esteem of those who had so far been his most important guides. Deserted by his family, he was forced to earn his living, tried private tutoring, married a wife with money, and devoted himself henceforth to those historical studies in which he found his best satisfaction. But again his work set him at odds with his world. Criticism, partly violent, but also partly sad, assailed him. He had strong views about Ireland, and when he was invited to lecture in America, he gave expression to these views in such ways that his trip ended prematurely in failure. He was sent as a government agent to South Africa and there succeeded only in setting by the ears the parties he had come to reconcile. He was the intimate and trusted friend of Carlyle, but when he published the papers intrusted to him by his friend, he did it in such fashion as to call down upon himself the bitterest criticism from many sides. Finally, his appointment as Regius Professor of History at Oxford at the age of seventy-four was widely declared to be a shameful illustration of the policy of filling university chairs by political favor.

Obviously, if there was a something irritating and intractable in a man who thus persistently defied all agencies that might have made life easy for him, there was also something of power, and it has been Mr. Paul's task to discover and to emphasize this. To his mind Mr. Froude was actuated throughout by the impulses of a proud, independent nature.

incapable of meanness or duplicity himself and equally incapable of understanding meanness in others. He appears in these pages as absolutely devoted to the cause of historical truth—a partizan indeed, since with him to see a thing as right was to proclaim it as the only right, unsparing in denunciation of what he felt ought to be denounced and eloquent in praise of what he approved. Mr. Paul is quite aware of Froude's defects in what he continually describes as minor details, but he makes a vigorous plea for that view of historical writing which would overlook an apparent indifference to detail in the far greater importance of the general impression to be produced.

BOOKS OF AMERICAN HISTORY

The Negro and the Nation: a History of American Slavery and Enfranchisement. By GEORGE S. MERRIAM. (New York: Henry Holt and Company. 1906. Pp. iv, 436.)

THIS is not a history, but a chronological survey of the literature of the slavery and negro problems. It has no foot-notes, no bibliography, and it bristles with personal judgments. The material used in its preparation is that which has some claim to be called literature in the narrower sense; it does not include the *Congressional Globe*, the works of minor men, nor historical monographs. The author, whose personality blazes from every page, is evidently a Puritan gentleman of the best modern type. In his journey through his country's history he has met and entered into sympathy with every reputable type of Northern opinion; he has met, listened to, and in many cases agreed with the best types of Southern opinion, but has never entered into sympathy with them.

The author's general knowledge of ordinary historical facts seems, on the whole, adequate, but some mistakes have crept in. The "tariff of abominations" was not in force in 1832 (p. 32); Calhoun was not Secretary of War in 1844 (p. 75); the whole discussion of the annexation of Texas is inaccurate (pp. 75-76). For the period after 1850 mistakes are very rare. In his discussion of the early tariff the author is apparently unconscious of the existence of the West. He nowhere brings out the internal economic forces which compelled slavery to spread westward or die; consequently he misses the whole force of the territorial controversy, the conflict between the westward-pushing streams of free and slave labor. He represents the struggle as a strife between a static South and a static North, each receiving occasional accessions of strength as new states were created. Consequently he fails to note the significance of the question of expansion in 1861 and to define the exact point upon which Lincoln elected to fight rather than to compromise. The constitutional questions involved are rather vaguely handled, a modern characteristic. To complete the category of detraction, one closes the book with a feeling akin to that one might expect after a performance of Shakespeare's most famous play in the manner so often suggested to our imagination. The negro is present only as a lay-figure.